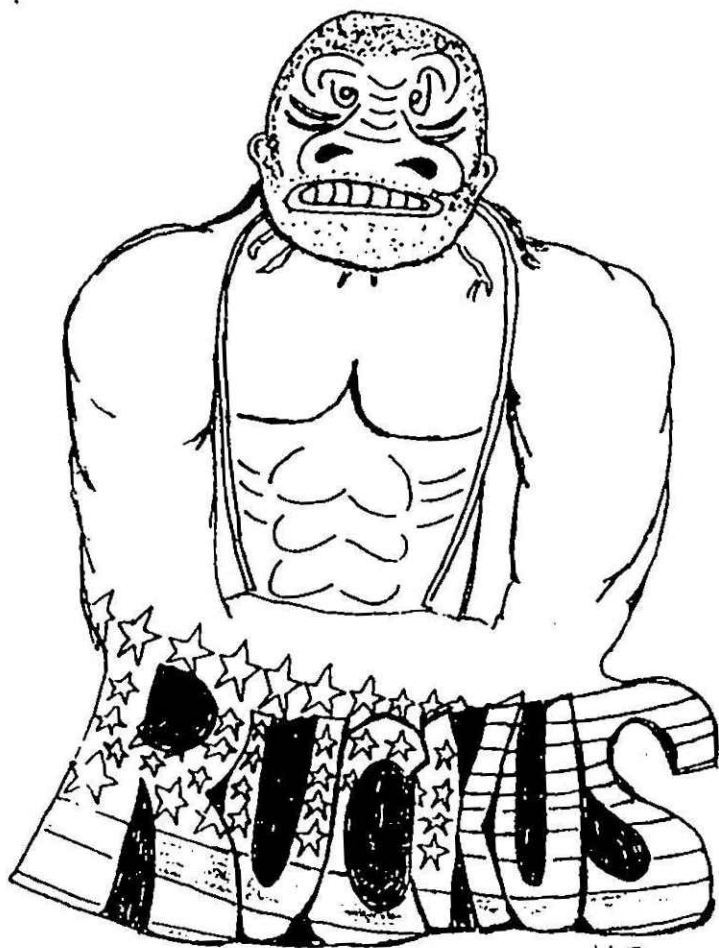


"The Sickness"

(It'll make ya say, AWAWAW!!)



The official hate zine of Ft. Myers, FL.

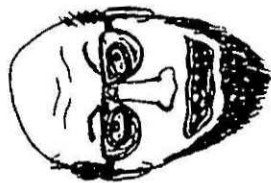
... Interview with a vampire... how to wipe...
... Sicko's suck!! ... Trends and NOFX Kick Ass!!
... and not much much more!!

See The Amazing Gool... a S... n...

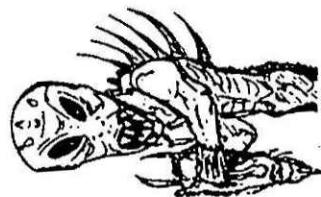
A 100% Less Pictures !!!
a

In this issue.... I focus less on pissing you off and put an emphasis on the realm of sickos, blood of Abudadein, piss, jizz, the almighty terds, stragglers, the chupacabra, jimbo's mammy, first street mob, and other worthless topics..... I searched abroad for topics for this zine...which should be out in the first month(s) of 1997....I noticed that sicko's fascinate you feeble minded fiends and I am obligated to expose you.....whether it is hearsay, or actual experiences, you will get what you've been looking for for all of those years!.....you guys do not know the power of the shank.....i will enlighten all.....the fabulous sickness is looming like a lost terd looking for the light..... without any further adieu.....

sickness!!!!!!



The professional
SICKO



hyperactive
sicko



Police Lineup
← Sicko

blood of Abudadein

The →
Executioner



←
Abudadein
and his
serpent of
darkness

Once again, the reign of terror has returned into the light. He arose from the 13th door of the chamber of darkness. And with his second album titled "MAN'S LAUGHTER and MANSLAUGHTER", he personally guarantees ~~you~~ you that there is no turning back. With grinding, screeching, slashing and his reknowned blood-curling howls, he will possess your soul. The pioneer of gore/morgue core will take you hostage; just listen to "The Rapist Therapist" and he will prove it to you. He also plays several experimental shrills and chimes from sludge-ska to spunk punk, and the ever so famous Duke Ellington SWING style. See Sam and Deb at OFFBEAT MUSIC for more details and bookings. BUYORDIE!!

A
a

an interview with a vampire!!!!!!
no, with Abudadein.

In this rare occurrence, I happened to meet Abudadein, in the flesh in Europe, where I was granted the privilege of interviewing him. Here is part of it!!

RUCKUS: Hi, I'm interested in knowing about your new album!

ABU DADEIN: hisssssssssss!!!!

Ruckus: ok, I see, very interesting! Who was your biggest musical influence?

ABU DADEIN: The Jism Jets, the Shanks, and Foghat!

Ruckus: Yeah, me too (jokingly)!! Ok, do you plan to come back to the states in 1997?

ABU DADEIN: WHAT STATES???? paranoia, and insanity?

Ruckus: You are a funny man, do the ladies like you?

ABU DADEIN: Demon Hellstorm must die!!

Ruckus: huh?

ABU DADEIN: You are a dick !!

Ruckus: what?

ABU DADEIN; Just kidding, prick!!

Ruckus: OK, Since that is all cleared up, can we talk about politics?

ABU DADEIN: I like BOB DOLE, he should circumcise Clinton in front of that dike, Jan Reno or whatever her name is!

Ruckus: I see, very interesting!

for more and the conclusion of this interview, wait for Ruckus issue #4 !!!



T

warning

FAILURE TO CONFORM CAUSES IDENTITIES

ok, here is the deal, I want to see every one of you being yourself. do not act, look, or dress like the person next to you. I get sick of seeing everyone walking around with army boots, chains, spikes, ripped jeans, dyed hair, etc. Fashion statements are so stupid. Let someone get to know you instead of knowing you by the way you appear. Many people are too chicken to show who they really are and they conform to dressing like the rest of everyone, and following the flock. I am NOT saying to isolate yourself and go way out of the way by changing your whole status. Why go with everything THEY say and do, stand up for yourself, argue, say something they might not want to hear. Quit standing behind one another in the shadows. Another thing I need to say personally is: Just because I am straight, people automatically assume I am vegan, straightedge, hostile towards all other humans, and I listen strictly to hardcore and I wear X's on my wrists. That is the most ignorant thing to do. There should be no label, but sadly enough it will likely stay that way. If anyone knows me personally, they know I am not like what someone would call the stereotypical sXe guy. I am straight, don't wear the X, listen to jazz to metal to hardcore to ska to whatever. I don't have tattoos or piercings, I eat meat, dig chicks, have friends who smoke and drink, I skate, like quad, like the US, hate its gov., like fast cars, redneck trucks, etc.etc.etc.etc..... Now that you know a little about me, ask, "do I fit one specific mold?" The answer is no. I don't hang with one group, I express myself freely, I will not succumb to brainwashing. I am myself, now give it a try on your own, you might be suprised with what you find!!

bring back the park.

As my final days in Ft. Myers are counting down, I must make it known that downtown is crumbling away. Too many cops, bars, jocks, and other worthless nutsacks have raided our sector of town. I know that when I return to Ft. Myers from college, things will be different. The new school kids will still remain new school. The town will overflow with shit people, the kind that don't belong there!

I know that few of the older kids will stick around. But - you see, if the park, which is usually desolate at night, is revived, maybe the legacy will continue. Although most of you reading this don't remember the park days, because you are younger, you should know that the park was THE SPOT for some time. The cops usually didn't close up the park at 10:30, which is the closing time. There is such a large and open area to hang out in, whether skating, rollerblading, playing music, making out, fighting, getting drunk, fucking around, whatever the case, it is the prime location. Back then, everyone could go there and do what they wanted, now it seems that the corner is the spot. To do what? To sit on your ass and look at the college coffee shop kids sipping on some pissale coffee shit. REAL FUN?!! Back then anyone, regardless of color, age, or background could all hang out with little trouble at all. IT WAS THE PLACE TO BE! But I guess you guys want to sit and watch drunk jocks stagger around instead. The few who understand me, seize the opportunity and posse up and reclaim the park, damnit!

Because, if you don't know, downtown is supposed to be a family (drunk) location. Downtown is supposed to be all pretty now, and it is getting a makeover. The park is empty, let's take it over.

Peace, Love, Unity, Happiness
and the Preacher too !!!

Since I got your attention with that lame ass title of an article, I command you to continue reading!!

At my old job (PUD-LIX) there was this sicko old guy. To make the long story short, this dude was creeping around the parking lot with too much time in his hands. In fact, he wound up caught with something else in his hands. He happened to stumble upon a Caddie owned by an elderly woman. The car was unlocked. He seized the opportunity and also seized his manhood. BUSTED!!!! That sick old fuck got caught shankin in the backseat of someone's car and then refused to clean it up. Then the dumbass had the nerve to ask, "DOES THAT MEAN THAT I'M FIRED THEN?".

A friend of mine at another store said that this old dude's colostomy bag exploded, causing all that shit juice or whatever it is to fly all over. Then this one hick wound up having to clean off the groceries and he left them on the shelf for some unsuspecting shopper to pick up and take home!

One time this old dude came into my store and shit all over himself. He must have been numb-assed or something. Those pink golf slacks were stained as anything and he even had a couple little guys tumble down his leg onto the floor and he didn't even notice. That guy would have been really cool if he did that on purpose and just didn't give a shit that he had feces running down his pant legs.

One time I saw this nut, the Infamous Granma Hale, of North Fort Myers, at a stoplight on her tricycle. She was pissing like a damn horse, all over herself. That kicked ass. She was cursing at cars and stuff, probably not even paying attention to the gallons of piss spraying down her legs.

One time I started to pick up my toddler nephew when I noticed that it wasn't squashed corn on his face, palms, and legs. I put his ass down like I was spiking a football. His diapers were overflowing like mad with funk feces!! It was pretty funny though, should've seen his face!!

Hey Maw!
I gawt
a Fwiggie!!



Troggle!!

SOME TURDS, SIR????????

DON'T MIND IF I DO!!!! HERE, HAVE A NUGGET OF ENLIGHTENMENT, OR WISDOM OR JUST A BUTTNUGGET AT THAT!! I AM THE TURDMASTER.....
HERE IS AN IDENTIFICATION LIST TO HELP YOU OUT!!!!

the ghost- never captured on video or seen by human eyes. The kind that feels like you let one escape and to much surprise, you find that the bowl is f'ing empty.

THE ALMIGHTY NOTORIOUS MIDDLE SCHOOL ELEPHANT TURD- the name just gives it away. The one where you wonder if it was humanly possible to conceive something that large, with the diameter of a softball, one must have contractions in the butthole or some kind of dilations or something. Takes up the whole bowl!!

THE Squeeze til' you think you'll pass out- the name also gives it away. You'll turn red on these bastards and usually are rewarded with some measly little turd which wasn't even worth it.

The Raisinet/Milk Dud- the name, once again says it all. These ones are special because of their symmetric little shapes.

Sidewinders- the snaky looking ones that can make a man proud.

These ones can grow up to a whole foot long and even wrap around the insides of the toilet bowl.

Peanuts/Corn- Hey man, don't even ask me!!!! No man will ever solve that mystery!!!!

The Strategy Tactic Turd- the one that refuses to move, the hell-no-we-won't-go terd. The kind you have to use your creativity with. Such as pounding on your stomach, holding your breath, squeezing your legs together, planting your feet on the ground firmly, coughing, sneezing, whatever.

THE GOTH- very rare, very dark and very distinctive.

The COMMON- light brown in color about 4-6 inches long is seen doing the dead man float.

THE sinkers- Terds that look relatively light, but immediately sink upon departure.

The SICKO- the kind you get when you get ill. Colors can be from whitish green to nearly brown-orange.

The U boat/ Iceberg- will not sink, partially submerged, endpoint sometimes resembles periscope of subs.

The missile/ knife turd- kind that pokes your bunghole silly and then has a pointy end when in water.

The peck-a-boo/ Groundhog- the one that goes into that hole in the bowl and then decides to come back to look around to see if it's safe. Sometimes can be frightened and will retreat back into the hole.

The LOG- brother terd of the sidewinder due to its capacity to stretch out, but usually is nearly straight and less curvy.

The algae/shag- the one that looks like it came out too late and looks like it has a five o'clock shadow.

The crackler- named that because of noise it makes out of anger when deposited into the bowl.

The unknown soldier turd- no one claims it, you find it without a dog tag in public restroom, they are usually flushed into an unmarked grave.

The ever so Notorious SPLASHER- the asshole of them all. The bastards that you can't escape. The ones no matter how high you sit, it still manages to get you all wet in unwanted areas. Approach these with hostility!!!!

The bomb turd- explodes when it hits the water, and before you can look down, it has turned into a mess and array of flaky stuff.

The piledriver/MACH 1- the kind that speeds out like a bat out of hell, so fast, in fact, that you won't even get splashed by em'!!

The assembly line- enemy of MACH 1, takes forever to get out. Goes through these long intermissions and takes several stages of pushing and waiting before he finally gets out of there.

The beheaded turd- the kind that you think will cooperate and just when it is supposed to drop, it breaks in half and leaves ya hangin', waitin' for the rest, which usually never comes out or if it does, it will hurt doing so.

The FIRE- the ones that leave you in great pain afterwards, leaves that burning sensation as a reminder of some bad times in the bathroom.

the STREAKER- related to MACH1, leaves fast and leaves tire tracks or skids on that hole in the bottom of the toilet bowl. those babies fly!!!

BARKEY- not human, but possible. In memory of Barkey, my deceased companion canine. Only witness by two other people. Turd refused to leave once outside, it was a dangler turd. It collected leaves and other debris every time he sat down, until this sicko I know took a stick and swatted it off after several fruitless attempts!

Trapeze/dangler- the kind that dangles right above the water and swings to and fro and thinks it's cute or something.

It was imperative that I could speak out somewhat on turds without getting totally detailed. This wasn't even the tip of the iceberg though!!!!!!!!!! It is impossible to deny that you understand where I'm coming from, everyone except the buttholeless have encountered the above terms. I just wanted to speak out on this. So study hard and get in those bathrooms now!!

MISCELLANEOUS STUFF

How many straightedgers does it take to change a lightbulb?

What does it matter, they can't change anything anyway!

And how many emo kids does it take?

THE SAME ANSWER GOES HERE TOO.

No, how do emo kids change a lightbulb?

They can't, they're either rolling around on top of one another and crying, or they can't see because of those damn headbands in the way of their eyes.

If rudies skank, then who shanks???

Find that one out by asking around!! You'll learn!

How do you make a rudie invisible?

Turn on a strobe light.

anyway, enough of harmless humor!!

Straight is not the same as straight edge. I'll straighten you out if you don't understand. You see, I dig chicks.

Straight edge is the only healthy lifestyle. But every now and then, one needs to quench his/her thirst with some **PISS ALE**.

VEGANS WILL RULE THE EARTH.... IN THEIR DREAMS!!

You see, with the ozone depletion rate, there will be not much of anything green. Thanks to them for eating the rest of the supply of greens that could be feeding the animals that they try to free from testing. **GO CARNIVORE IN 97!!** And when we run out of meat to eat, **GO CANNIBAL!!! NO VEGAN!!!!NO VEGAN!!!!!!**

Save the rare migrant species, **The Stragglers!!**

Remember, America kicks ass!! Not the government! **PRO-AM!!!**

Remember, rudies and SHARP's are hate groups as well if they fight other hate groups, why else would you be organized, to skank?

Are ya' wit me?

Here's some stuff that I must discuss due to the fact that it is my job to bring up this stuff that no one else would.

I must say that the coolest thing that I remember about my childhood was pissing. You all know what I'm talkin' about. Guys, remember pissing and attempting to fill the whole bowl up with foam. Yeah, that just gave you this little power trip. ALL HAIL THE POTTY MASTER!! (only if you could fill the whole bowl up of course!!)

Remember seeing pennies in the toilet in public restrooms!! A penny means a million when you're like 4. So of course, through piss and terds goes your hand for the almighty penny. Then you forget to wash off because little kids always forget. Then you unknowingly go licking the ice cream or chocolate or whatever off your fingers 3 hours later!!

Do not deny it. We've all seen our own buttoholes before. I know one time in your life you've gotten up on a counter or held up a mirror and got a closer look. Fascinating, huh? Don't even say you haven't.

Take a dump in a urinal or a public swimming pool, it's good for the soul. Been there, done that.

I KEEP THE SHANK!!!

I like heard that this chick was, you know, like with a guy, bumpin uglies, and she like took a dump on him during the process, now that, even to me is a little disturbing.

I saw this old dude at my old job, and he was shitting all over with every little step that he took. The cool part was that about 50 people knew it and he didn't. No one would clean it up till way later.

One day I was in the mall, and there was this trail of shit for like one hundred feet or so. It was hilarious.

One time a horse cop downtown stepped in his own horse's crap.

Whore Oh Scopes!!!!

Once again it is those oh so famous RUCKUS horoscopes. They are never wrong. so deal with it. butthole!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Aries(march21-april19) - *You learn that Richard Simmons is wearing your underpants and you may have herpes.*

TAURUS(april 20-may20)- *I RUUUUUUUUUUUUUULE!!!!!!!!!!!!*

Gemini(may21-june21)-*you just flat out suck ass and can't even deny it. You are a sad story.*

Cancer(june22-july22)-*you are going to get messed up and bad, you can't escape. let time take its toll.*

Leo(july23-august22)-*you learn that the name of your sign is the name of that fruity guy who keeps on peeping through your window at night!!!!*

Virgo(august23-september22)-*you realize that you are still a virgin and have no chance in hell of scoring. Your sign almost says Virgin!!!!*

Libra(september23-october23)-*that sicko is still stalking you. Give in, porn is such a lovely field of a career to slip into!*

Scorpio(october24-november21)-*you learn that today is the last day of your life and you will die in your sleep. As they say, live for today!*

Sagitarrius(november22-december21)-*uh oh! whoops!! It seems that the birth control didn't work after all!! Talk about it with your partner!*

Capricorn(december22-january19)-*Quite frankly, everyone around you is plotting to kill you as you read this!!*

Aquarius(january20-february18)-*beware of that food that doesn't taste all too right. figure out the rest!!*

Pisces(february19-march20)-*you will be caught with your pants down, so put those bits and pieces away now!!!!*

What About Me???????

I am the keeper of the SHANK. I am a singer in THE AW-AWHII'S. I have this head of lettuce in my schlong. I like to observe stragglers. I hunt down troggles and sell their gonads to hungry stragglers. I have come to conclude that goat turds appear to be perfectly circular, resembling grapes or cranberries. I have reason to believe that Ed the Preacher is a Fraggie hunter. I am the moth of goth. I have a hidden testicle that resides in my stomach, and it is invisible. I am the proud father of the aw aw shout outs and the infamous BUTT - YOYO, and am a co-founder of the infamous BUTT SALUTE. Little Buddy is my idol. I can stare at red lights and make them turn green. I know of many dirty buttholes in the vicinity. Uncle Ed has an abortion collection in these mayonnaise jars in his basement. I killed a dead dog one time. I know this guy who thinks he is a jizz frog. I saw this dude putting his schlong in a blender one time. I am the turdmaster. I ate tadpoles daily when I was 3 years old. A also used to kiss jizz frogs in hopes of a female, but all I got was sent to the emergency room when the jizz frog I kissed happened to piss in my eyes and fucked them up real good. I saw these vegans at the meat market last week. If you have any peanut butter, I have the toe jam.

REWARD

MISSING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

WHO: JIMMY

**AKA: Jimmy G, Jimmy
the crackhead,
crackhead Jimmy**

DOB: ?

AGE: 20-21

SEX: m

RACE: black

**Last seen: Edison Mall
during late NOV, early
DEC. 1996**

Parents, guardians: JAM.

Height: 5 foot 2?

Weight: ?

Last seen with: MEF

Where: MEF's house

What to look for:

delusional appearance.

**Wears striped shirt with
part of collar turned up.**

**Makes painful sounds
and phrases. Such as
"ahh, don't hit me!"**

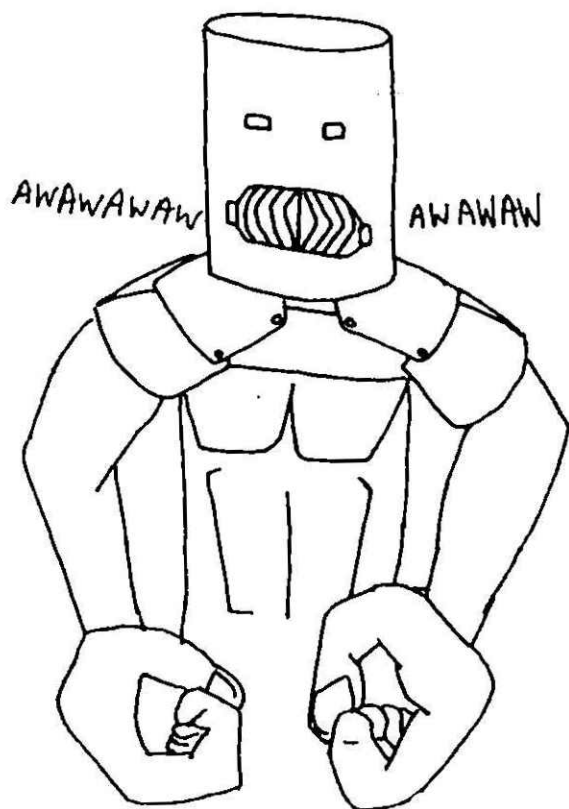
**Also could be seen
following females, who,
according to Jimmy**

"want me, man!!!" Sometimes, he was seen at the food court in
the mall, getting free drink refills at Cozoli's Pizza and sitting alone
eating tacos from Taco Viva, his favorite food joint.

If anyone knows his whereabouts and can certify proof of
authenticity, he/she will be rewarded. Thank You



A creation of Dr. Shankenstein
and Count Shankula... is...



The Knight of SHANK

Next Issue...
The Shank Invasion!!